

## OVER \$12,300 THROUGH A WOMAN

Detectives Shadow Mrs. Sanders, Who Visited Alleged Forger Bense in Cell, and Get Satchel with Bills and Gold. DIDN'T KNOW SHE HAD DONE ANYTHING WRONG.

Says Prisoner Telephoned Her to Meet Him in Cell—Told Her Where He Had Hidden the Money.

Nothing from his cell the aid of a respectable woman who sympathetically promised her assistance. Louis Bense, who was arrested Thursday and accused by his employers of forgery to the amount of \$25,000, unwittingly led the detectives to the hiding-place of \$12,300, supposed to be part of his alleged forgeries. It was a rare find, for the detectives had almost given up hope of tracing any part of the stolen money, when the woman appeared and became the instrument by which the recovery was thought to have been effected.

She is a Mrs. Sanders, a matronly, highly respectable woman, the police say, who lives at No. 100 West Forty-eighth street. Her sympathy was aroused by the appeal of Bense, who telephoned for her to come to him in his cell in Yorkville Prison.

Detectives Gray, Savage and Hennegan were awaiting the appearance of a possible intermediary to give them a further clue to the whereabouts of the stolen funds when Mrs. Sanders called at the prison late yesterday afternoon and asked to be allowed to see the imprisoned bookkeeper.

Detectives Follow Woman.

She was neatly dressed in black and carried a small satchel. She was allowed to see the prisoner, and fifteen minutes later left the prison after Bense had effusively clasped her hand and pressed his left hand over his heart. He is an excitable Frenchman.

The detectives followed Mrs. Sanders to a house at No. 100 West Forty-eighth street, and a few minutes later, when the woman reappeared, they traced her to No. 140 West Twenty-first street. When again she appeared Mrs. Sanders was carrying a satchel, which was a bulky and burdensome affair. Boarding a car, with the satchel slung up and down the front and rear platforms simultaneously, Mrs. Sanders rode to Forty-eighth street, again re-entering her home. The sleuths waited until 2 o'clock in the morning, and Mrs. Sanders having kept out of sight in the meantime, they concluded to act. They rang the doorbell and were admitted by Mrs. Sanders herself, who appeared at once to realize the nature of the visit of the three unmistakable detectives.

Woman Gives Up Satchel.

Detective Gray demanded that the satchel be produced, saying: "Madam, we have followed you ever since you left the jail after your talk with Bense. You have been to his apartment, and we have seen the satchel. We want that bag."

There was no ceremony about it. Mrs. Sanders hesitated just for a moment, then, going to the satchel, she unlocked the door, brought down the big satchel, which she placed at the feet of Detective Gray. The satchel was opened and the detectives found \$12,300 in bills and gold.

Mrs. Sanders and the satchel were at once taken to the quarters and the woman questioned. She frankly told the whole story. Bense was a forger. He had rented a furnished room in her house in Forty-eighth street several months ago, and while he did not occupy the room nightly, he frequently came there and always was prompt in paying his rent.

She knew Bense. He was a Frenchman and knew nothing detrimental to his character. "I, however, knew Bense as Leon Barre," continued Mrs. Sanders. "But when I read of the arrest of 'Bense Barre' it struck me that Barre and Bense were the same. I was making up my mind whether or not to visit him in the Yorkville Prison when I received a telephone message from him asking me to go at once to the jail. I did so."

Bense told me that he occupied a room in the Twenty-sixth street house and requested me to go there at once and get the satchel. He said it contained more than \$12,000. He said 'Mrs. Sanders, you will be doing me a great favor, because I am an innocent man, if you will take that money to your bank and to-morrow morning deposit it in cash with the City Chamberlain. That is the amount of my bail. Keep the rest of the money in the satchel in your house and wait further word from me. This is a clean transaction,' he added, 'and when I get out of this cell I will have a chance to see my lawyers and clear myself of this awful charge.'

Believed Bense Innocent.

"Of course I was willing to help the man because I thought he was innocent. I did as he requested and also took room rent to the woman of the Twenty-sixth street house, which Bense told me he owed her. I had no further thought in the matter but to help the man, and that I was doing anything wrong never entered my head."

Inspector McCluskey, after making further inquiries concerning Mrs. Sanders, said to-day:

"The woman acted in good faith. I have no doubt, but we have decided to technically place her under arrest. She must therefore be arraigned in court to-day when doubtless she will be allowed to go."

"If Bense got that money in his clutches, however, he added the inspector, 'I am confident that would be the last we would ever see of him. He was preparing to call where I first arrested him. With the cash he devoted he would have had nearly \$5,000 left to get away with.'

Mrs. Sanders is Discharged.

Mrs. Sanders was quite composed when arraigned in court before Magistrate Higgins. She gave her story as before. She told the Magistrate she had no criminal knowledge of the operations in which the money was used, as he had requested with her that she did not regard that she was doing anything wrong.

She simply the custodian of the money and believed that it was honest money. When representing the Mercantile Company, one of Bense's employers, Detective Savage, who arrested Mrs. Sanders, each protested release of the woman, as she should be held or discharged. This woman," said the Magistrate, "there is no evidence against her as to any operations in which she was engaged as most women

## CELEBRATION OF MASS ON THE FAMOUS MOUNTAIN FROM WHICH ST. PATRICK IS SAID TO HAVE DRIVEN THE SNAKES FROM IRELAND.



CROAGH PATRICK.

THE ARCHBISHOP OF TUAM ADDRESSING THE PILGRIMS AT THE SUMMIT OF THE MOUNTAIN.

## PATIENT'S FATAL HOSPITAL LEAP

George Wilson Was Crazy by Pain from Illness for Which He Was About to Undergo a Surgical Operation.

Suffering untold tortures from mastoiditis—an affliction which attacks the brain and nerves through ulceration—George Wilson, a patient in the Ear and Eye Infirmary, leaped to death shortly after midnight to-day from the fifth floor of the institution. Death must have been a relief to the poor sufferer, who for days had endured great agony, the surgeons said, from the effects of the dreadful disease.

Wilson was sixty-three years of age and was employed as a watchman on the American line pier. Recently his family, with whom he resided at Evergreen, L. I., persuaded him to go to the Ear and Eye Infirmary for treatment.

He was prepared at the infirmary for the operation which alone can give relief, and placed in a room on the sixth floor. To-day he was to have been operated upon. Last night the nurses deemed it wise to place the patient in a small room on the fifth floor, where he could be kept under observation, for he was raving at times from the pain which wracked his head and nerves. A nurse accompanied him to the room and took up a position in the hallway, where every movement of the patient could be observed from without.

Whether the nurse dozed toward midnight is not known, but she was aroused by hearing a loud crash in the yard below. Not another sound, either a groan or a warning cry, had accompanied the two distinct noises. Rushing into the darkened room the nurse found the place vacant and the window open. Peering into the yard below the nurse saw the night-robed figure of her patient lying on the pavement below.

The alarm was at once given, and when Wilson's unconscious body was carried into the operating room it was found that his skull was fractured. Dr. McCambridge, the house physician, and Dr. Zabrickie and Thompson decided that an immediate operation was necessary to save the man's life, but the chances were remote of success, they agreed. The fracture was extensive, and while the surgeons were operating Wilson breathed his last.

Examining Pistol, Kills His Brother

Michael Delucca Accidentally Shoots Giuseppe While Looking at the Revolver Which the Victim Had Just Purchased.

Michael Delucca and his brother Giuseppe, who live at No. 41 First street, Williamsburg, went to the house of a friend at No. 82 Withers street last night to get the friend to write a letter for them. The brothers were anxious to communicate with their mother in Italy but neither could write. While the friend was writing the letter Giuseppe pulled out a revolver which he had just purchased. Michael took the pistol to examine it and it went off in his hands. The bullet penetrated Giuseppe's breast, killing him.

Michael stayed with his brother until he died and then fled. The police are looking for him to-day.

## GETS BACK ALL HER STOLEN GEMS

Mrs. Charles H. Starrett Recovers \$2,000 Worth of Jewelry Stolen by Maid, Who Is Under Arrest in New Rochelle.

Sergeant Cody and Policeman Kelly, of the New Rochelle police force, last night arrested the maid who had been in the employ of Charles H. Starrett, at Pelham Manor, and who left Mr. Starrett's employ on Thursday, taking with her about \$2,000 worth of Mrs. Starrett's jewelry.

The girl was arrested as she was walking down East Main street. She was recognized by the two officers, who had been searching for her by the description they had. She carried a small hand bag, which she attempted to conceal while she was being taken to the police station.

The girl gave the name of Sophie Malokomskaw. She said she was a Pole and was nineteen years of age. She had been in this country only four years. She at first denied her arrest as an insult, but later broke down and confessed to having stolen the jewels.

When searched the handbag which she carried was found to contain all the missing jewelry with the exception of a diamond horse shoe pin and a diamond ring. These the girl said she had pawned for \$100 in New York. There was about \$100 in cash in the bag also. Mrs. Starrett was communicated with and to-day she arrived at New Rochelle and identified the jewelry as her property. She also said that Sophie had been employed by her for a month as maid, but that she left on Thursday morning. Mrs. Starrett did not seem inclined to prosecute the girl and she was held as a suspicious person.

The girl told the police that her month was up on Wednesday, but that she remained until Thursday. She did not know why she took the jewels, except that she was dazzled by the beauty of the gems and that she could not keep her fingers off them. She said she went to visit friends in New York on Thursday, but told them nothing of having stolen the jewelry. Yesterday she pawned the two pieces for \$100 and last night she reached New Rochelle on a trolley car from Mount Vernon. She had not been there very long when she was spotted by the officers and locked up.

Spent Money Freely.

She must have spent money pretty freely while in New York, as besides the jewelry she pawned, for which she received \$14, she had \$46 in bills, which she took from a bureau drawer in Mrs. Starrett's room. The girl was well dressed, and had on a new pair of shoes and hat, and she presented a good appearance.

She told the police that she had no confederates in the theft, and that she did not know what to do with the jewels, and she had not made up her mind whether to try and pawn them all or send the other pieces other than those she had pawned back to Mrs. Starrett.

The police came here to-day and brought back the diamond horse shoe pin and the diamond ring which the girl had pawned there, and these two were handed over to Mrs. Starrett.

Now the police don't know what to do with the girl, and she has been held merely as a suspicious person.

## MITCHELL BACK FROM EUROPE

Labor Leader Who Attended International Industrial Congress in Paris Is Saving His Views for Special Articles.

John Mitchell, the leader of the Pennsylvania anthracite coal miners, arrived from Europe on the steamship St. Paul, of the American line, to-day. He was accompanied by William D. Dods.

Mr. Mitchell had been in Paris in attendance at the International Industrial Congress, but declined to discuss the action or outcome of the gathering or make a comparison of labor conditions in Europe and the United States, on the ground that he must reserve such discussion to a series of articles which he has contracted to write for a syndicate.

"What do you think of the Presidential nomination?" he was asked. "I wish to express no opinion on politics," he replied, and when asked if Roosevelt would get the miners' votes because of his action in the settlement of the strike of 1902, Mr. Mitchell said: "I will not say."

Regarding the Colorado labor trouble Mr. Mitchell said: "I think Letor's move was ill-advised. It is not so that the miners broke the agreement. Letor broke it himself. He denied the right of the men to join the union, and ignored the agreement on wages, both made in good faith."

"What is the reason for so many strikes in all branches of trade just at this time?" was asked of Mr. Mitchell. "Why is there such an apparent disposition to strike at this time?"

"There is no such disposition and I do not think there is an unusual number of strikes. It happens that the attention of the public is being called to every strike just now by the newspapers. I think that is the way to account for the belief that there are many strikes."

Strikes are the natural result of a transition among the working classes from the individual to the organization state; just as capital—the employers—have combined, so the employees are combining."

A reporter gravely asked the always grave labor leader if the gossip was true that he occupied a \$700 stateroom and lost \$1,100 at stud poker on the St. Paul to Andrew Carnegie's nephew, Mitchell said he had denied both "rumors," saying:

"I paid \$50 for my passage. I did not lose at poker; I don't play poker, and I do not know the Misses Carnegie. Mr. Mitchell did not join in the laugh that followed the joke.

Mr. and Mrs. George L. Carnegie were followed passengers.

Leader Mitchell was met at the pier by T. D. Nichols, of Scranton, John Fahy, of Shamokin, and William DeJoy, of Hazleton, each president of a district local. They went to the Ashland House to remain until Monday, when they will go to Indianapolis.

## WAS HE DRUNK OR ONLY SLEEPING?

Magistrate Higginbotham Ascertains Patrolman Hallahan Was Intoxicated While Arraigning Prisoner in Court.

Patrolman John J. Hallahan, of the Brownsville station, sent to a cell yesterday in the Gates Avenue Court by Magistrate Higginbotham, who says he was drunk while in court while there to arraign a prisoner, appeared to-day before Magistrate Higginbotham to answer the charge. Through his friend, Detective Torney, Hallahan denied that he was intoxicated and said that he was ready to show certificates from three reputable physicians to prove his contention. The case was put over until Sept. 2.

Hallahan was found sleeping in front of the Magistrate's desk yesterday morning, the prisoner he was about to arraign having been arrested by him for drunkenness. When Hallahan's name was called there was no response. "He's drunk," said the Magistrate. Hallahan rubbed his eyes and yawned slowly to the Magistrate's desk. Detective Stover, of the same precinct, told the Magistrate that Hallahan was not drunk, but simply sleepy on account of being out all night. The Magistrate then ordered Stover to arrest Hallahan, but Stover refused, saying that he could not swear that Hallahan was drunk. Magistrate Higginbotham then stepped in, arraigned Hallahan and sent him to a cell, from which he was brought back and permitted to go in the custody of Stover until to-day.

Hallahan would say nothing for himself in court to-day. But Detective Torney had a long story to tell. He said:

"I accompanied Hallahan after we left the court to three doctors, all of whom said that the man was not drunk but simply overworked. We then went to see Capt. Gardner and Sergt. William Masterson, and they said he was not drunk. The doctors are Torney, of Reid avenue and Fulton street; Adelman, of No. 49 Rockaway, and a third whose name I don't recall, but who lived in the same neighborhood. We went to this doctor's house, and he said that he was a police surgeon, but he is away on his vacation. We feel this disgrace keenly that an officer should be arrested in court on such a charge."

"Hallahan was on duty from 8 o'clock in the morning till day before yesterday, and he was very tired. He was at his bedside all night and when he started to go to work he was all played out. He was exhausted."

Magistrate Higginbotham will not decide from the stand he took yesterday. To an Evening World reporter he said to-day: "This man was drunk yesterday. He staggered when he came up to the desk and he used such language that no man in his position would have used it if he were not drunk."

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## MASS SAID WHERE ST. PATRICK STOOD

Thousands Climbed Top of Lofly Mountain to Assist at First Religious Ceremony on the Spot in 1,600 Years.

BISHOPS LED FAITHFUL TO SUMMIT IN STORM.

Celebration Was in Commemoration of the Beginning of the Irish Saint's Missionary Work and Impressed All Present.

The first religious ceremony for 1,600 years on the summit of Croagh Patrick, in Mayo, to commemorate the beginning of the missionary work of St. Patrick in Ireland at that spot, was a spectacle that could not be seen in any other country. The minds of those who witnessed it for the first time will carry the memory of it to the end of life. Archbishop Healy, of Tuam, celebrated the mass, and thousands traveled for miles to attend it.

Croagh Patrick is a cone-shaped mountain, rising 2,500 feet above the level of the sea. Tradition has it that it was the spot where St. Patrick banished the snakes from the island. At the summit there is a level space and in a little depression, on a rude altar, built of rough stones, was celebrated the first mass ever sung on this wild spot.

It was a windy, rainy Sunday. A powerful gale blew from the Atlantic and whipped the three and one-half miles of rough road from the level roadway to the stony crown of the mountain. But neither wind nor rain could keep away the faithful, and in the teeth of the gale they toiled up the winding ascent.

The mass was celebrated by the Archbishop Healy and the Bishop of Achonry led the pilgrims mounted on surefooted Connemara ponies. Even the ponies were unequal to the whole journey. When near the top the pilgrims were forced to dismount and make their way apart over the slippery rocks to the altar.

In the howling wind and beating rain the great assemblage knelt during the impressive ceremony. Far below tumbling the tumultuous ocean and the gale picked up and blew out to sea the words of the Archbishop as he turned to give the congregation the blessing. The men, bareheaded and reverent, knelt as best they might to shelter the devoted women, young and old, who had made the discouraging journey.

The mass was said that as many as possible who had arranged to be present could get up the stony, slippery slope. But even with this there were scores who did not arrive until the ceremony was over. As the pilgrims descended they met many climbing upward to kneel and say a prayer on the summit of Croagh Patrick, though they had been unable to get there in season to attend the mass.

A SLEEPWALKER FALLS FROM ROOF

Williamsburg Man Steps Off Into Space and Drops Four Stories—Breaks No Bones, but Sustains Internal Injuries.

John Schaeffer, twenty-four years old, of No. 228 Hopkins street, Williamsburg, climbed by the roof of the house early to-day while asleep. He walked over the roofs to the house at No. 224 and then stepped off, falling four stories to the street below.

An ambulance surgeon from the Eastern District Hospital examined him and said he hadn't broken a bone, but Schaeffer went back home and to bed. Later he became delirious and was taken to Cumberland Street Hospital, where it is said he has severe internal injuries.

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## THE SUNDAY WORLD To-Morrow

SEPARATE CAMPAIGN MUSIC SUPPLEMENT. "WE WANT TEDDY FOUR YEARS MORE!"

A Stirring Republican Marching Song by GUS EDWARDS, Author of "Good-bye, Little Girl, Good-bye," and FRANK ABBOTT.

IN THE MAGAZINE SECTION. Lost Six Days in the Adirondacks, but "Didn't Get Rattled!"

The Story of a Brave Boy Who Kept His Head While Hundreds Hunted for Him in the Forests Where He Had Strayed.

How Much Should a Wife Endure for Her Children's Sake?

Should She Welcome Back Her Husband Who Deserted Her for Another Woman and Forgive Him? A Case in Real Life that Will Interest You.

The Business Woman's Beauty Drill.

A Downtown Gymnasium Where Women Wage-Earners Take the Exercise Necessary to Keep Them Healthy.

30,000 to Fight Again a Great Civil War Battle.

The Approaching War Games on the Battlefield at Bull Run in Which New York Soldier Boys Will Play a Prominent Part.

Selecting a Wife and Raising a Daughter.

An Article by a Country Editor in Iowa that Will Make You Laugh and Cry by Turn, and Bring Back Thoughts of Your Youth.

How a Poor Girl Became Miss Rockefeller's Chum.

The Story of Mrs. Caroline Woodruff North, Who Has Become Almost a Sister to the Richest Girl in the World.

A Roof Garden for Babies.

A Splendid Charity in This City of Which but Little Has Been Heard.

Mr. Dooley on the Russian-Japanese War.

An Amusing Article Humorously Illustrated by Geo. McManus.

Panhandle Pete, Lady Bountiful, the Kid, and All the Favorites in the Comic.